

[It's not so simple](#) by [Kyarorain](#)

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Summary:

She's the Queen of a country and her heart belongs to him.
If only it could be that easy...

1. Chapter 1

Matthew asks the castle guards if he can see the queen. They already know who he is, so they usher him in and send a servant to bring her to see him.

Sveta arrives, greeting him with a nod and a shy smile. She takes him by the hand and leads him through a secret passageway that is used by the royal family alone. It takes them to the royal family's sleeping quarters.

There they sit and talk, listening with keen interest to each other's stories of the happenings taking place in their daily lives. Every so often, they will do something like this, Matthew coming to see Sveta and talking with her in the privacy in her room.

"I wonder what they would think," Sveta said once, "the Queen of Morgal visiting someone in the privacy of her own room. I'm sure it would be the talk of the town." She smiles when she finishes speaking.

It's a pity she can't leave the town. Matthew would love to bring her to his home, to introduce his girlfriend to his father, but as long as she has these responsibilities, it's best she remain here in Belinsk. One day, he hopes, the time will come.

This time, Sveta has a serious expression on her face and he hears her sigh more than once.

"Is something wrong?" Matthew asks.

"Well, it's just..." Sveta trails off. She takes hold of one of her braids and starts playing with it. "It's not easy being a

monarch. Sometimes you'll get people taking too much of an interest in your personal life."

"Hmm?" Matthew cocks his head. He doesn't quite understand what Sveta's getting at. "Did something happen?"

Sveta shakes her head. "People are starting to wonder when I will find a royal consort. You know, a future husband. It's early days yet but one day I will be expected to deliver a heir and continue the royal line."

"Oh." Matthew hangs his head, staring at the floor. "I see. Since you're the Queen, it's a big deal, isn't it?"

"They are already trying to line up suitors for me. Important people, all of them beastman." Sveta exhales. She leans onto Matthew's shoulder. "They would be shocked if the Queen was to pick a mere commoner, wouldn't they? A human, at that." Sveta closes her eyes. "But you're the one I love, Matthew. Nothing can change that. It doesn't matter who they choose for me."

Matthew brings a hand up and strokes her hair. "So, what will you do when the time comes?"

A long pause goes by before Sveta speaks.

"Honestly, I'm not sure yet. It's difficult, being born one of royal blood. I'm sorry. Maybe you should find another girl-"

"No," Matthew interrupts. He gently cups Sveta's jaw and turns her face until he's looking into her eyes. "I'll always love you, Sveta. It doesn't matter that you're the Queen of Morgal. To me, you are just Sveta, the girl I chose to be with."

"Matthew." Sveta swallows. She slips her arms around him and buries her face in his chest. Matthew embraces her. "Thank you. Right now, I just don't know what I should do. Thank you for being so understanding and being with me. I'm so glad."

Matthew rubs her back and rests his chin on her head, a smile forming on his face. He knows things will be difficult, but as long as they are in love with each other, that's all that really matters.

2. Chapter 2

Notes for the Chapter:

I randomly found the old version of this fic on a forum. And I thought it was lost forever. Well, here it is.

"I wonder what the palace guards must be thinking right now." Sveta was sitting on her bed, watching her guest. "After all, I've just allowed a man into my room at night."

Matthew's gaze met hers. "You did suggest we come here. If it's making you uncomfortable..."

"No, it's fine." Sveta shook her head. "It's my home and I have a right to meet my friends where I choose. Provided they still believe you're just a friend."

"This is the first time I've seen your room. It's certainly very elegant. Fitting for a queen."

"Mmm."

He sat next to her. "Is something troubling you?"

"Even though we're alone right now, in my private quarters, we have to be quiet. There are guards just outside the room."

"Couldn't you dismiss them?"

Her eyes flashed with alarm. "If I sent them away with a man in my room, they would definitely talk. It wouldn't be proper for a queen."

"Oh, yes. Sorry, I wasn't thinking."

"Matthew..." Sveta bit her lip. "It won't be easy."

"I know."

"Actually... I'm scared."

Matthew gently grasped her chin and turned her head, brushing his lips against hers. "Don't be. The future shouldn't matter. As long as we're able to be together like this, it's alright, isn't it?"

"Matthew..." Sveta placed her head on his chest.

"We should just enjoy what we have for as long as we can." Matthew folded his arms around her slender body, burying his face in her hair. "Don't you think so?"

"Y-yes... I really want to. I love what we have."

"Then let's do that."